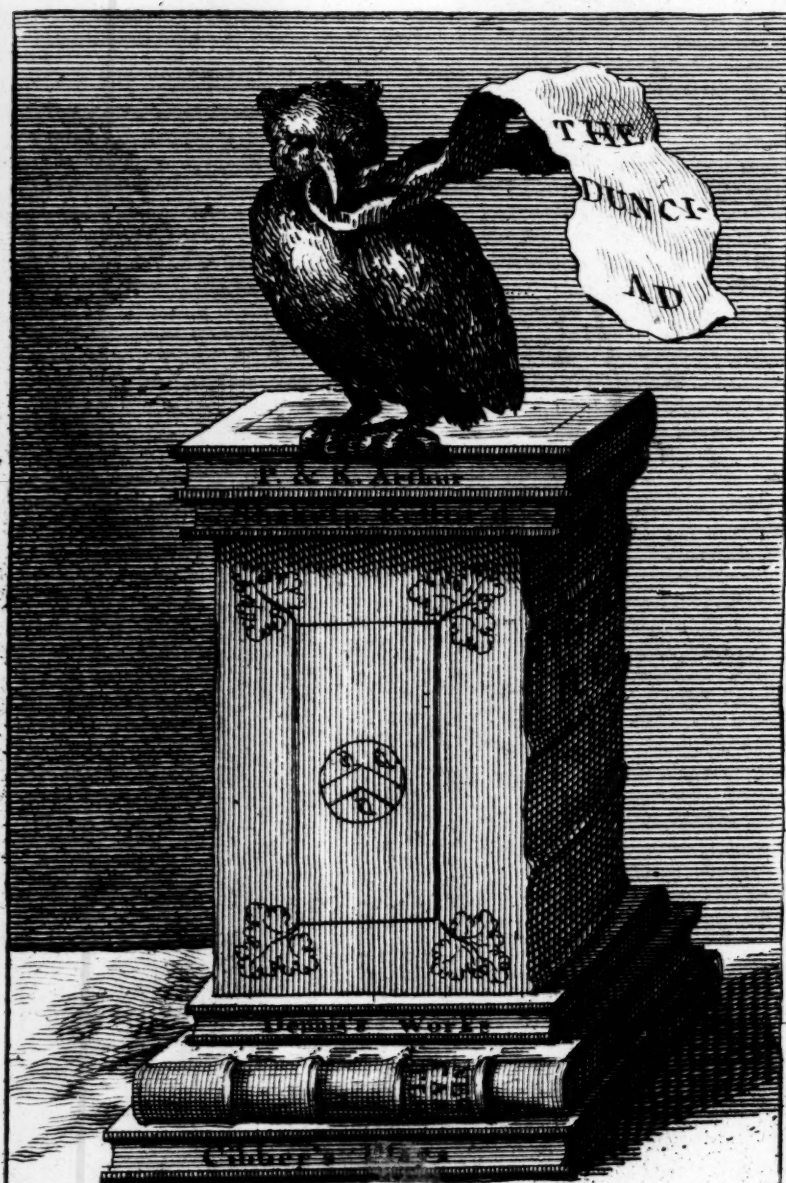
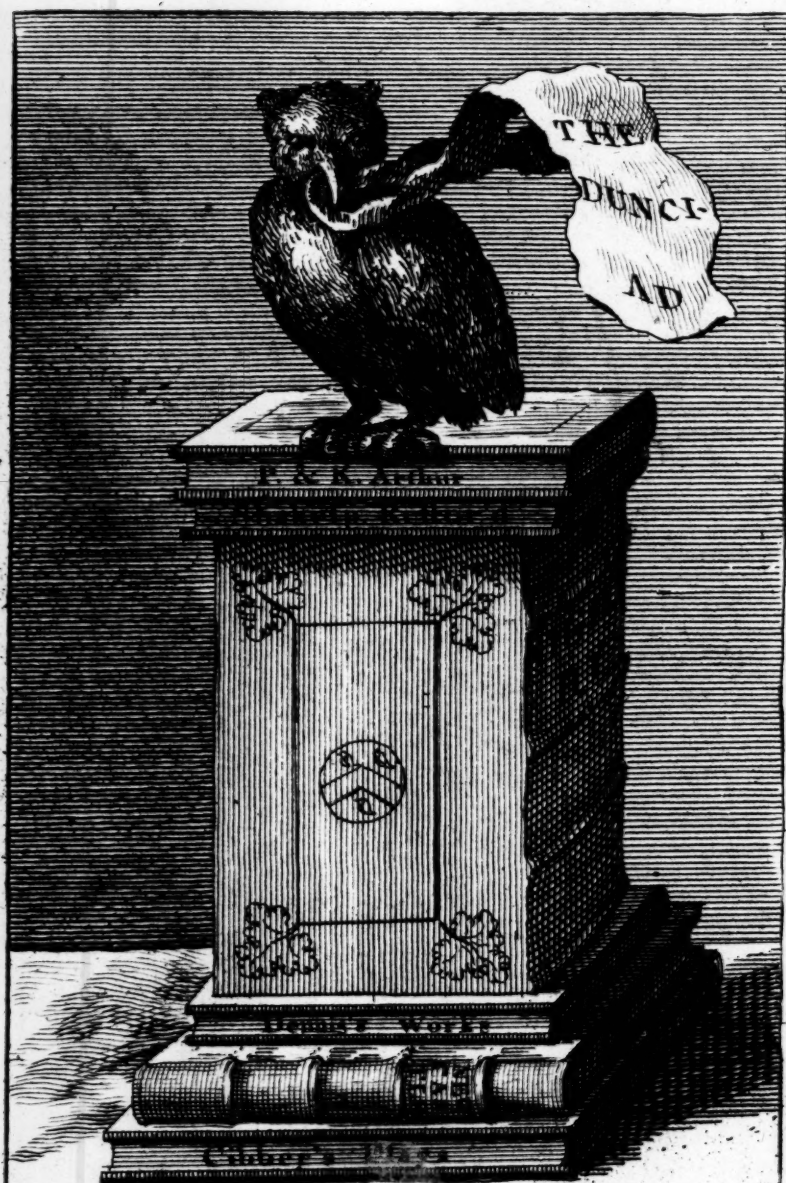




DUBLIN; Printed; LONDON; Reprinted for A. Dodd



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THE
DUNCIAD.
AN
Heroic Poem.
IN
THREE BOOKS.

THE THIRD EDITION.



DUBLIN, Printed; LONDON, Re-
printed for A. DODD. 1728.

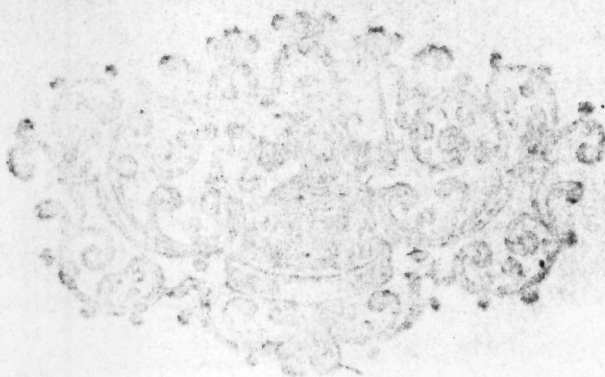
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THE
DUNGLAD

Heroic Poem.

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THE THIRD EDITION



Dublin, Printed: London, No.
Printed for A. Dodd, 1728.

THE
PUBLISHER
TO THE
READER.



I will be found a true observation, tho' somewhat surprizing, that when any scandal is vented against a man of the highest distinction and character either in the State or in Literature, the publick in general afford it a most quiet reception, and the larger part accept it as favourably as if it were some kindness done to themselves: Whereas if a known scoundrel or blockhead chance but to be touch'd upon, a whole legion is up in Arms, and it becomes the common Cause of all Scriblers, Booksellers, and Printers whatsoever.

Not to search too deeply into the reason hereof, I will only observe as a Fact, that every week for these two Months past, the town has been perse-

cuted with Pamphlets, Advertisements, Letters, and weekly Essays, not only against the Wit and Writings, but against the Character and Person, of Mr. Pope. And that of all those men who have received pleasure from his Writings (which by modest computation may be about a hundred thousand in these Kingdoms of England and Ireland, not to mention Jersey, Guernsey, the Orcades, those in the New world, and Foreigners who have translated him into their languages) of all this number, not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.

The only exception is the Author of the following Poem, who doubtless had either a better insight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr. Pope's integrity, join'd with a greater personal love for him, than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Further, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifests of the most private Authors of all the anonymous pieces against him, and from his having in this Poem attacked no man living, who had not before printed and published against this particular Gentleman.

*How I became possesst of it, is of no concern to
the*

the Reader; but it would have been a wrong to him, had I detain'd this publication: since those Names which are its chief ornaments, die off daily so fast, as must render it too soon unintelligible. If it provoke the Author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who he is, I cannot say, and (which is great pity) there is certainly nothing in his style and manner of writing, which can distinguish, or discover him. For if it bears any resemblance to that of Mr. P. 'tis not improbable but it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his. But by the frequency of his allusions to Virgil, and a labour'd, (not to say affected) shortness, in imitation of him, I should think him more an admirer of the Roman Poet than of the Grecian, and in that, not of the same taste with his Friend.

I have been well inform'd, that this work was the labour of full six years of his life, and that he retired himself entirely from all the avocations and pleasures of the world, to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and six years more he intended to bestow upon it, as it should seem by this verse of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuscript.

Oh

Oh mihi bisseños multum vigilata per annos,
Duncia!

Hence also we learn the true Title of the Poem; which with the same certainty as we call that of Homer the Iliad, of Virgil the Æneid, of Camoens the Lusiad, of Voltaire the Henriad, we may pronounce could have been, and can be no other, than

THE DUNCIAD.

It is styled Heroic, as being doubly so; not only with respect to its nature, which according to the best Rules of the Ancients and strictest ideas of the Moderns, is critically such; but also with regard to the Heroical disposition and high courage of the Writer, who dar'd to stir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

*The time and date of the Action is evidently in the last reign, when the office of City Poet expir'd upon the death of Elkanah Settle, and he has fix'd it to the Mayoralty of Sir Geo. Tho—ld. But there may arise
some*

some obscurity in Chronology from the Names in the Poem, by the inevitable removal of some Authors, and Insertion of others, in their Niches. For whoever will consider the unity of the whole design, will be sensible, that the Poem was not made for these Authors, but these Authors for the Poem. And I should judge they were clapp'd in as they rose, fresh and fresh, and chang'd from day to day, in like manner as when the old boughs wither, we thrust new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled or anxious, if he cannot decypher them; since when he shall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the Persons than before.

Yet we judg'd it better to preserve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names, by which the Satyr would only be multiplied; and applied to many instead of one. Had the Hero, for instance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirm'd him to be Mr. W—— Mr. D—— Sir R—— B——, &c. but now, all that unjust scandal is saved, by calling him Theobald, which by good luck happens to be the name of a real person.

I am

viii The PUBLISHER, &c.

I am indeed aware, that this name may to some appear too mean, for the Hero of an Epic Poem : But it is hoped, they will alter that opinion, when they find, that an Author no less eminent than la Bruyere, has thought him worthy a place, in his Characters.

Voudriez vous, THEOBALDE, que je crusse que vous êtes baissé ? que vous n'êtes plus Poete, ni bel esprit ? que vous êtes presentement aussi *Mauvais juge de tout genre d'Ouvrage*, que *Mechant Auteur* ? Votre air libre & presumptueux me rassure, & me persuade tout le contraire, &c. *Characteres*, Vol. I. de la Societe & de la Conversation, pag. 176. Edit. Amst. 1720.

THE

THE
DUNCIAD

IN
THREE BOOKS.

DUNCIAD

IN
THREE BOOKS



THE DUNCIAD.

Book the FIRST.



BOOKS and the man I sing, the first who
brings
The *Smithfield* muses to the ears of kings.
Say great *Patricians*! (since yourselves
inspire

These wond'rous works; so *Jove* and fate require!)

5 Say from what cause, in vain decry'd and curst,

Still † *Dunce the second* reigns like *Dunce the first*?

In eldest time, e'er mortals writ or read,

E'er *Pallas* issued from the Thund'rer's head,

† *Dryd.*

Hence

B

Dulness

The DUNCIAD.

Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
 10 Daughter of *Ghaar* and eternal *Night*;

Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,

Gross as her fire, and as her mother grave,

Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,

She rul'd, in native anarchy, the mind.

15 Still her old empire to confirm, she tries,

For born a Goddess, *Dulness* never dies.

Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of *Rag-Fair*,

A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air;

Keen, hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess,

20 Emblem of mine caus'd by emptiness:

Here in one bed two shivering sisters lye,

The cave of *Poverty* and *Poetry*.

(This, the *Great Mother* dearer held than all

The clubs of *Quarrels*, or her own *Guild-ball*:

25 Here stood her *Opium*, here she nurs'd her *Owls*,

And destin'd here th' imperial seat of fools.

Hence springs each weekly muse, the living boast

Of *C*—*h*—*a*—*s*—*t*—*e*—*p*—*r*—*e*—*s*—*s*, and *L*—*o*—*s*—*e*—*s* rubric post;

Hence

BOOK the FIRST.

Hence hymning *Tyburn's* elegiac lay,
30 Hence the soft sing-song on *Cecilia's* day,
Sepulchral lyes our holy walls to grace,
And *New-year Odes*, and all the *Grubstreet* race.

'Twas here in clouded majesty she shone ;
Four guardian *Virtues*, round, support her throne ;
35 Fierce champion *Fortitude*, that knows no fears
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears :
Calm *Temperance*, whose blessings those partake
Who hunger, and who thirst for scribbling sake :
Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jayl :
40 Poetic *Justice*, with her lifted scale ;
Where in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.

Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep,
Where nameless *somebings* in their causes sleep,
45 Till genial *Jacob*, or a warm *third-day*
Calls forth each mass, a poem or a play.
How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie ;
How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry ;

Maggots half-form'd, in rhyme exactly meet;
 50 And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
 Here one poor *Word* a hundred clenchés makes,
 And ductile dulness new meanders takes;
 There motley *Images* her fancy strike,
Figures ill-pair'd, and *Similes* unlike.
 55 She sees a mob of *Metaphors* advance,
 Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance:
 How *Tragedy* and *Comedy* embrace;
 How *Farte* and *Epit* get a jumbled race;
 How *Time* himself stands still at her command;
 60 Realms shift their place, and Ocean turns to land.
 Here gay *Description* *Egypt* glads with showers,
 Or gives to *Zembla* fruits, to *Barca* flowers;
 Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen,
 There painted vallies of eternal green,
 65 On cold *December* fragrant chaplets blow,
 And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

All these and more, the cloud-compelling Queen
 Beholds thro' fogs, that magnify the scene;

She,

Book the First.

She, tinfel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
 70 With self-applause her wild creation views,
 Sees momentary Monsters rise and fall,
 And with her own fools colours gilds them all.

'Twas on the day, when * *Tho—d*, rich and grave,
 Like † *Cimon* triumph'd both on land and wave,
 75 (Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
 Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces)
 Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
 But liv'd, in *Settle's* numbers, one day more.

Now *Mayr's* and *Shrieves* all hush'd and satiate lay,
 80 Yet eat in dreams the custard of the day :

While pensive poets painful vigils keep ;
 Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep.
 Much to her mind the solemn feast recalls,
 What *City-Swans* once sung within the walls,
 85 Much the revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
 And sure succession down from † *Heywood's* days.

* *Sir George Tho—* Lord Mayor of London. † *Cimon* the famous *Athenian* General, who obtained a Victory by sea and another by land, on the same Day, over the *Persians* and *Barbarians*. † *John Heywood*, whose Enterludes were printed in *Hen. VIIIth's* time.

She saw with joy the line immortal run,

Each fire impress and glaring in his son;

So watchful *Bruin* forms with plastic care

90 Each growing lump and brings it to a Bear.

She saw old *Pryn* in restless *Daniel* shine,

And *E—n* eke out *R/—*'s endless line;

She saw slow *P—s* creep like *T—te*'s poor page,

And furious *D—* foam in *W—g*'s rage.

25 In each, she marks her image full exprest,

But chief, in *Tibbald*'s monster-breeding breast,

Sees Gods with Dæmons in strange league ingage,

And † earth, and heav'n, and hell her battle's wage!

She cy'd the Bard where supperless he sat,

100 And pin'd, unconscious of his rising fate;

Studious he sat, with all his Books around,

Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!

Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there,

Then writ and flounder'd on in mere despair.

† This, I presume, alludes to the extravagancies of the Farces of this author. See book III. vers. 185, &c.

He

105 He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay,
 Where yet unpawn'd, much learned lumber lay,
 Volumes, whose size the space exactly fill'd;
 Or which fond authors were so good to gild;
 Or where, by Sculpture made for ever known,
 110 The page admires new beauties, not its own.
 Here swells the shelf with *Ogleby* the great:
 There, stamp'd with arms, *Newcastle* shines compleat,
 Here all his suff'ring brotherhood retire,
 And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire;
 115 A Gothic Vatican! of Greece and Rome
 Well-purg'd, and worthy *Withers*, *Quarles*, and *Blome*.
 But high above, more solid Learning shone,
 The *Classicks* of an Age that heard of none;
 There * *Caxton* slept, with *Wynkin* at his side,
 120 One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide:
 There sav'd by spice, like mummies, many a year,
 Old Bodies of philosophy appear:
De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
 And there, the groaning Shelves † *Philemon* bends.

* Old Printers. † *Philemon Holland*.

127 Of these twelve volumes, twelve of amplest Size,
 Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pyes,
 Inspir'd he seizes: These an altar raise:
 An hecatomb of pure, unfully'd lays
 That altar crowns; a folio Common-place
 130 Finds the whole pyle, of all his works the base;
 Quarto's, octavo's, shape the lessening pyre,
 And last, a * *little Ajax* tips the spire.

Then he Great Tamer of all human art!
 First in my care, and nearest at my heart!
 135 *Dulness!* whose good old cause I yet defend,
 With whom my muse began, with whom shall end!
 O thou of business the directing soul,
 To human heads like byas to the bowl,
 Which as more pond'rous makes their aim more true,
 140 Obliquely wadding to the mark in view.
 O ever gracious to perplex'd mankind!
 Who spread a healing mist before the mind.
 And, lest we err by wit's wild, dancing light,
 Secure us kindly in our native night.

* In duodecimo, translated from *Sophocles*.

Ah!

BOOK THE FIRST.

99

145 Ah! fill o'er *Britain* stretch that peaceful wand,
Which lulls th' *Helvetian* and *Batavian* land.
Where 'gainst thy throne if rebel Science rise,
She does but shew her coward face and dies:
There, thy good Scholiasts with unwear'd pains
150 Make *Horace* flat, and humble *Maro's* strains;
Here studious I unlucky Modern save,
Nor sleeps one error in its father's grave,
Old puns restore, lost blunders nicely seek,
And crucify poor *Shakspear* once a week.
155 For thee I dim these eyes, and stuff this head,
With all such reading as was never read;
For thee supplying, in the worst of days,
Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays;
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
160 And write about it, Goddess, and about it;
So spins the silkworm small its slender store,
And labours, 'till it clouds itself all o'er.
Not that my quill to Critiques was confin'd,
My Verse gave ampler lessons to mankind;
165 So gravest precepts may successful prove,
But sad examples never fail to move.

As

- As forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly;
 And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly thro' the sky;
 As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
 170 The wheels above urg'd by the load below:
 Me, Emptiness and Dulness could inspire,
 And were my Elasticity and Fire.
 Had heav'n decreed such works a longer date,
 Heav'n had decreed to spare the *Grubstreet*-state,
 175 But see * great *Settle* to the dust descend,
 And all thy cause and empire at an end!
 Cou'd *Troy* be sav'd by any single hand,
 His gray-goose-weapon must have made her stand.
 But what can I! my *Flaccus* cast aside,
 180 Take up th' *Attorney's* (once my better) *Guide*?
 Or rob the *Roman* geese of all their glories,
 And save the state by cackling to the Tories?
 Yes, to my country I my pen consign,
 Yes, from this moment, mighty *Mist*! am thine,

* This was the last year of *Elkanah Settle's* life. He was poet to the city of *London*, whose business was to compose yearly panegyrics on the Lord Mayor, and verses for the Pageants; but since the abolition of that part of the shows, the employment ceas'd, so that *Settle* had no successor to that place.

185 And rival, *Curtius*! of thy fame and zeal,
 O'er head and ears plunge for the public weal.
 Adieu my children! better thus expire
 Un-stall'd, unfold; thus glorious mount in fire
 Fair without spot; than greas'd by grocer's hands,
 190 Or shipp'd with *W*—*d* to ape and monkey lands,
 Or wafting ginger, round the streets to go
 And visit alehouse where ye first did grow:
 With that, he lifted thrice the sparkling brand
 And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand
 195 Then lights the structure, with averted eyes,
 The rowling smokes involve the sacrifice.
 The opening clouds disclose each work by turns,
 Now flames old * *Memnon*, now *Rodrigo* burns;
 In one quick flash see *Proserpine* expire,
 200 And last, his own cold *Æschylus* took fire.
 Then gush'd the tears, as from the *Trojan's* eyes
 When the last blaze sent *Ilium* to the skies.
 * *Plays and Fables of*
 Now leave all memory of sense behind;
 How write a poem called the *Case of Poverty*, printed in 1715.
 How

Rowz'd by the light, old *Dulness* heav'd the head,
 Then snatch'd a sheet of *Thule* from her bed,
 205 Sudden the fires, and whelms it o'er the pyre:
 Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire.
 Her ample presence fills up all the place;
 A veil of fogs dilates her awful face,
 Great in her charms! as when on *Shrives* and *May*'rs
 210 She looks, and breathes her self into their airs.
 She bids him wait her to the sacred *Dome*;
 Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home.
 So spirits, ending their terrestrial face,
 Ascend, and recognize their native place;
 215 Raptur'd, he gazes round the dear retreat,
 And * in sweet numbers celebrates the feat.
 Here to her chosen all her works she shows:
 Prose swell'd to verse, Verse lostring into prose:
 How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
 220 Now leave all memory of sense behind;

B. * He writ a poem called the *Cave of Poverty*, printed in 1715.

How

BOOK the FIRST

13

How Prologues into Prefaces decay,
 And these to Notes are fritter'd quite away;
 How Index-learning turns no student pale,
 Yet holds the eel of science by the Tail;
 225 How, with less reading than makes felons Yeaps,
 Less human genius than God gives an ape,
 Small thanks to *France*, and none to *Rome* or *Greece*,
 A past, yamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,
 'Twixt *Plautus*, *Fletcher*, *Congrave*, and *Garnett*,
 230 Can make a *C—*, *J—*, or *O—*;
 The Goddess then, o'er his anointed head,
 With mystic words the sacred *Opium* shed;
 And lo! her *Bird* (a monster of a fowl!
 Something betwixt a *H—* and Owl)
 235 Perch'd on his crown. All hail! and hail again,
 My son! the promis'd land expects thy reign.
 Know *Settle*, cloy'd with custard and with praise,
 Is gather'd to the Dull of *stupid* days,
 Safe, where no critics damn, no duns molest,
 240 Where *G—*, *B—*, and high-born *H—* rest!

I H T

C

I

I see a King! who leads my chosen sons:
 To lands that flow with clenches and with puns
 'Till each fam'd theatre my empire own,
 'Till *Albion*, as *Hibernia*, bless my throne.

245 I see! I see! — Then rapt, she spoke no more.

God save King Tibbald! Grubstreet alleys roar.

So when *Jove's* block descended from on high,
 (As sings thy great fore-father, *Ogilby*,)

Hoarse thunder to its bottom shook the bog,

250 And the loud nation croak'd, *God save King Log!*

End of the First Book.



THE



THE
D U N C I A D.

Book the SECOND.



THE sons of Dulness meet: an endless

band

Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half

the land,

A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,

In silks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags;

5 From drawing rooms, from colleges; from garrets,

On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots,

All who true Dunces in her cause appear'd,

And all who knew those Dunces to reward,

C 2 Now

Now herald hawker's rusty voice proclaims
 10 Heroic Prizes, and advent'rous Games;
 In that wide space the Goddess took her stand
 Where the tall May-pole once o'erlook'd the *Strand*³
 But now (so *ANNE*, and Piety ordain)
 A Church collects the saints of *Drury-lane*.

15 With Authors, Stationers obey'd the call;
 The field of glory is a field for all;

Glory, and gain, th' industrious tribe provoke,
 And gentle *Dulness* ever loves a joke.

A Poet's Form she sets before their eyes,
 20 And bids the nimblest racer seize the prize;

No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,

In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin;

But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,

Twelve starving bards of these degen'rate days.

25 All as a partridge plump, full-fed, and fair,

She form'd this image of well-bodied air,

With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head,

A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead,

And

BOOK the SECOND.

17

And empty words she gave, and sounding strain!
30 But senseless, lifeless! Idol void and vain!

Never was dash't out, at one lucky hit,

A fool, so just a copy of a wit;

So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,

'A wit it was, and call'd the phantom, M—.

35 All gaze with ardour; some, a Poet's name,

Others, a sword-knot and lac'd suit inflame:

But lofty L—t in the circle rose;

" This prize is mine; who tempt it, are my foes;

" With me began this genius, and shall end:

40 He spoke, and who with L—t shall contend?

Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,
Stood dauntless C—t, " Behold that rival here!

" The race by vigor, not by vaunts is won;

" So take the hindmost Hell. —He said, and ran.

45 Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,

He left huge L—t, and out-strip't the wind:

As when a dab-chick waddles thro' the copse,

On legs and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;

So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head,
 50 Wide as a windmill all his figure spread,
 With steps unequal *L—t* urg'd the race,
 And seem'd to emulate great *Jacob's* pace.
 Full in the middle way there stood a lake,
 Which *C—t's* *Corinna* chanc'd that morn to make,
 55 (Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
 Her evening cates before his neighbour's shop,)
 Here fortun'd *C—t* to slide; loud shout the band,
 And *L—t*, *L—t*, rings thro' all the *Strand*.
 Obscene with filth the Miscreant lies bewray'd,
 60 Fal'n in the plash his wickedness had lay'd;
 Then first (if Poets ought of truth declare)
 The caitiff *Vaticide* conceiv'd a prayer.

Here *Jove!* whose name my bards and I adore,
 As much at least as any Gods, or more;
 65 And him and his, if more devotion warms,
 Down with the ★ *Bible*, up with the † *Pope's Arms*.

★ The *Bible C—t's* sign. † The *Cross-keys L—t's*.

‡ A place there is, betwixt earth, air and seas,
Where from *Ambrosia*, *Jove* retires for ease,
There in his seat two spacious Vents appear,
70 On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
There hears the various vows of fond mankind,
Some beg an eastern, some a western wind:
All vain petitions, sent by winds on high,
With reams abundant this abode supply;
75 Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills
Sign'd with that *Ichor* which from Gods distille,

In office here fair *Cloacina* stands,
And ministers to *Jove* with purest hands;
Forth from the heap she pick'd her *Vot'ry's* pray'r,
80 And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare!
Oft, as he fish'd her nether realms for wit,
The Goddess favour'd him, and favours yet,
Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
As oil'd with magic juices for the course,
85 Vig'rous he rises; from th' effluvia strong
Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along,

‡ See *Lucian's Icaro-Menippus*.

Re-

Re-passes *L—t*, vindicates the race,

Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.

And now the Victor stretch'd his eager hand,
90 Where the tall Nothing stood, or seem'd to stand;
A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight,
Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night!
Baffled, yet present ev'n amidst despair,
To seize his papers, *C—l*, was next thy care;
95 His papers all, the sportive winds up-lift,
And whisk 'em back to *G—*, to *Y—*, to *S—*.

Th' embroider'd suit, at least, he deem'd his prey;
That suit, an unpay'd Taylor snatch'd away!

No rag, no scrap, of all the beau, or wit,
100 That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ.

Heav'n rings with laughter: Of the laughter vain,
Dulness, good Queen, repeats the jest again.

Three wicked imps of her own *Grubstreet* Choir
She deck'd like *Congreve*, *Addison*, and *Prior*;
105 *Mears*, *Warner*, *Wilkins* run: Delusive thought!
B— B— B—, the Varlets caught.

C—l

BOOK the SECOND. 21

C— stretches after *Gay*, but *Gay* is gone,
He grasps an empty † *Joseph* for a *John*.

So *Proteus*, hunted in a nobler shape,
110 Became, when seiz'd, a Puppy or an Ape.

: To him the Goddess. Son, thy grief lay down,
And turn this whole illusion on the town.

As the sage dame experienc'd in her trade,
By names of Toasts retails each batter'd jade,

115 (Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at *Paris*
Of wrongs from Duchesses and Lady *Marys*)

Be thine, my stationer! this magic gift;

C— shall be *Prior*, and C—n, *Swift*;

So shall each hostile name become our own,

120 And we too boast our *Garth* and *Addison*.

With that the Goddess (piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his ruful length of face)

Gives him a cov'ring, worthy to be spread

On *Codrus'* old, or *D—on's* modern bed;

† *Joseph Gay*, a fictitious name put by C— before several Pamphlets.

Instructive

125 Instructive work! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
Display'd the fates her confessors endure.

Ear-less on high, stood * pillory'd D——

And T——— flagrant from the lash, below:

There kick'd and cudgel'd R—— might ye view,

The very worsted still look'd black and blue:

130 Himself among the storied chiefs he spies,

As from the blanket high in air he flies,

And oh! (he cry'd) what street, what lane but knows

Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings and blows?

In ev'ry loom our labors shall be seen,

135 And the fresh vomit run for ever green!

[See in the circle next, *Eliza* plac'd;

Two babes of love close clinging to her waste;

Fair as before her works she stands confess'd,

In flow'r'd brocade by bounteous *Kirkall* dress'd,

140 Pearls on her neck, and roses in her hair,

And her fore-buttocks to the navel bare.

* It appears from hence that Mr. *Carl* had not himself stood in the Pillory when this Poem was writ, which happen'd not till *March, 1728.*
140 *Charing-Cross.*

The Goddes then: "Who best can send on high

"The salient spout, far-streaming to the sky;

"His be yon *Juno* of majestic size,

145 "With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.

"This *China-Jordan*, let the chief o'ercome

"Replenish, not ingloriously, at home.

Cb— and *C—* / accept this glorious strife,

(Tho' one his Son dissuades, and one his Wife)

150 This on his manly confidence relies,

That on his vigor and superior size.

First *C—* lean'd against his letter'd post;

It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most:

So *Juv's* bright bow displays its wary round,

155 (Sure sign, that no spectator shall be drown'd)

A second effort brought but new disgrace,

For straining more, it flies in his own face;

Thus the small jett which hasty hands unlock,

Spirts in the gard'ners eyes who turns the eek.

160 Not so from shameless *C—*: Imperious spread

The stream, and smoking, flourish'd o'er his head:

So, (sam'd like thee for turbulence and horns,) A

Eridanus his humble fountain scorns,

Thro'

Thro' half the heavens he pours th' exalted urn;
 165 His rapid waters in their passage burn.

Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes;
 Still happy, Impudence obtains the prize.

Thou triumph'st, Victor of the high-wrought day,
 And the pleas'd dame soft-smiling leads away.

170 ~~Chorus~~ through perfect modesty o'ercome,
 Crown'd with the Jordan, walks contented home.

But now for *Authors* nobler palms remain:
 Room for my Lord! three Jockeys in his train;
 Six huntsmen with a shott precede his chair;
 175 He grins, and looks broad discontent with a stare,
 His honour'd meaning, *Dignity* thus expresseth
 "He wins this Patron who can tickle best."

He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state,
 With ready gulls the Dedicators wait,
 180 Now at his head the dextrous task commences,
 And instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense;

Now

Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,

He struts *Adonis*, and affects grimace:

R—— the feather to his ear conveys,

185 Then his nice taste directs our *Opeus*:

T—— his mouth with *Classic* flatt'ry opes,

And the puff *Orator* bursts out in tropes.

But O—— the *Poet's* healing balm

Strives to extract from his soft, giving palm;

190 Unlucky O—— ! thy lordly master

The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster.

While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,

And quick sensations skip from vein to vein,

A youth unknown to *Phæbus*, in despair,

195 Puts his last refuge all in Heav'n and Pray'r.

What force have pious vows? the *Queen of Love*

His Sister sends, her vot'res, from above.

As taught by *Venus*, *Paris* learnt the art

To touch *Achilles'* only tender part,

200 Secure, thro' her, the noble prize to carry,

He marches off, his *Grace's Secretary*.

- Now turn to different sports (the Goddess cries)
 And learn, my sons, the wond'rous pow'r of *Noise*.
 To move, to raise, to ravish ev'ry heart,
 With *Shakespear's* nature, or with *Johnson's* art,
 205 Let others aim : 'Tis yours to shake the soul
 With *Thunder* rumbling from the mustard-bowl,
 With *horns* and *trumpets* now to madness swell,
 Now sink in sorrows with a tolling *Bell*.
 Such happy arts attention can command,
 210 When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand :
 Improve we these. Three *Cat-calls* be the bribe
 Of him, whose chatt'ring shames the *Monkey* tribe ;
 And his this *Drum*, whose hoarse heroic base
 Drowns the loud Clarion of the braying *Ass*.
 215 Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din,
 The *Monkey-mimicks* rush discordant in ;
 'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
 Noise, Nonsense, N—n, Brangling, and B—,
 D—, and Diffonance ; And captious Art,
 220 And Snip-snap short, and Interruption smart.

BOOK the SECOND.

27

Hold (cry'd the Queen) ye all alike shall win,
Equal your merits, equal is your din;
But that this well-disputed game may end,
Sound forth my *Brayers*, and the welkin rend.

- 225 As when the long-ear'd, milky mothers wait
At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
For their defrauded, absent foals they make
A moan so loud, that all the *Guild* awake:
Sore sighs Sir G——, starting at the bray
230 From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay.
So swells each Windpipe; Afs intones to Afs,
Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass:
Such as from lab'ring lungs th' Enthusiast blows,
High sounds, attempted to the vocal nose.
235 But far o'er all sonorous *Bl—*'s strain,
Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again:
In *Tot'nham* fields, the brethren with amaze
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze;
Long *Chanc'ry-lane* retentive rolls the sound,
240 And courts to courts return it round and round;

D 2

Thames

Thames wafts it thence to *Rafus*' roaring hall,
 And † *Hungerford* re-echoes, bawl for bawl.
 All hail him victor in both gifts of Song,
 Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.

- 245 This labor past, by *Bridewell* all descend,
 (As morning pray'r and flagellation end.)
 To where *Fleetditch* with dissemboguing streams
 Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to *Thames*,
 The King of Dykes ! than whom, no sluice of mud
 250 With deeper sable blots the silver flood.
 ' Here strip my children ! here at once leap in !
 ' Here prove who best can dash thro' thick and thin,
 ' And who the most in love of dirt excel,
 ' Or dark dexterity of groping well.
 255 ' Who flings most mud, and wide pollutes around
 ' The stream, be his the * * * *Journals*, bound.
 ' A pig of lead to him who dives the best ;
 ' A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest.

In naked majesty great *D——* stands,
 260 And, *Milo*-like, surveys his arms and hands

† *Hungerford-Stairs*.

Then

Then fighting, thus. " And am I now *threescore* ?
 " Ah why, ye Gods! should two and two make four?

He said, and climb'd a stranded Lighter's height
 Shot to the black abyfs, and plung'd down-right.
 265 The senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
 Who but to sink the deeper, rose the higher.

Next *E*— div'd; flow circles dimpled o'er
 The quaking mud, that clos'd and ope'd no more:
 All look, all sigh, and call on *E*— loft;
 270 *E* — in vain resounds thro' all the coast.

H— try'd the next, but hardly snatch'd from sight,
 Instant buoys up, and rises into light;
 He bears no token of the fabler streams,
 And mounts far off, among the swans of *Thames*.

275 Far worse unhappy *D*——r succeeds,
 He search'd for coral, but he gather'd weeds.

True to the bottom, *R*— and *Wh*—y creep,
 Long-winded both, as natives of the deep.

This only merit pleading for the prize,
 280 Not everlasting *Bl*— this denies.

But nimbler *We*—~~—~~*d* reaches at the ground,
 Circles in mud, and darkness all around,
 No crab more active, in the dirty dance,
 Downward to climb, and backward to advance;
 285 He brings up half the bottom on his head,
 And boldly claims the *Journals* and the *Lead*.

Sudden, a burst of thunder shook the flood,
 Lo *E*— rose, tremendous all in mud!
 Shaking the horrors of his fable brows,
 290 And each ferocious feature grim with ooze,
 Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares;
 Then thus the wonders of the deep declares.

First he relates, how sinking to the chin,
 Smit with his mien, the *Mudnymphs* suck'd him in:
 295 How young *Lutetia* softer than the down,
Nigrina black, and *Merdamante* brown,

Vy'd

BOOK the SECOND.

31

Vy'd for his love in jetty bow'rs below;

As *Hylas* fair was ravish'd long ago.

Then sung how, shown him by the nutbrown maids

300 A branch of *Stryx* here rises from the *Shades*,

That tinctur'd as it runs with *Lethe's* streams,

And wafting vapors from the *Land of Dreams*,

(As under seas *Alphæus'* sacred sluice

Bears *Pisa's* offerings to his *Arethuse*)

305 Pours into *Thames*: Each City-bowl is full

Of the mixt wave, and all who drink grow dull.

How to the banks where bards departed doze,

They led him soft; how all the bards arose;

Taylor, sweet bird of *Thames*, majestic bows,

310 And *Shadwell* nods the poppy on his brows;

While *Milbourn* there, deputed by the rest,

Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest;

And "Take (he said) these robes which once were

" Dulness is sacred in a sound Divine.

(mine,

315 He ceas'd, and show'd the robe; the crowd confess

The rev'rend *Flamen* in his lengthen'd dress.

Slow

Slow moves the Goddess from the silver flood,
 (Her Priest preceding) thro' the gates of *Lud*.
 Her *Criticks* there she summons, and proclaims
 320 A gentler exercise to close the games.

Hear you! in whose grave heads, as equal scales,
 I weigh what author's heaviness prevails,
 Which most conduce to sooth the soul in slumbers,
 My *H—*'s periods, or my *B—*'s numbers?
 325 Attend the trial we propose to make:
 If there be man who o'er such works can wake,
 Sleep's all-subduing Power who dares defy,
 And boasts *Ulysses'* ear with *Argus'* eye;
 To him we grant our amplest pow'rs to fit
 330 Judge of all present, past, and future wit,
 To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong,
 Full, and eternal privilege of tongue.

Three *Cambridge Sophs* and three pert *Templars*
 came,
 The same their talents, and their tastes the same;

Each

- 335 Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
And smit with love of poesie and prate,
The pond'rous books two gentle Readers bring;
The heroes sit; the vulgar form a ring.
The clam'rous crowd is hush'd with mugs of *Mum*,
340 'Till all tun'd equal, send a general hum.
Then mount the Clerks; and in one lazy tone,
Thro' the long, heavy, painful page, drawl on,
Soft creeping words on words the sense compose,
At e'vy line, they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
345 As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow,
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divines
And now to this side, now to that, they nod,
350 As verse, or prose, infuse the drowzy God.
Thrice *B—* aim'd to speak, but thrice suppress'd
By potent *Arthur*, knock'd his chin and breast.
C— and *Toland*, prompt at Priests to jeer,
Yet silent bow'd to *Christ's* no kingdom here.
355 Who sate the nearest, by the word's o'ercome
Slept first, the distant nodded to the hum.

Then

Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er 'em
lies

Each gentle clerk, and mutt'ring seals his eyes.

As what a *Dutchman* plumps into the lakes,

360 One circle first, and then a second makes,

What dulness dropt among her sons impress

Like motion, from one circle to the rest;

So from the mid-moſt the nutation ſpreads

Round, and more round, o'er all the ſea of heads.

365 At laſt *Centliore* felt her voice to fail,

And *** himſelf unfiniſh'd left his Tale.

T—s and T— the church and ſtate gave o'er,

Nor *** talk'd, nor S— whisper'd more.

Ev'n N——n, gifted with his mother's tongue,

370 Tho' born at *Wapping*, and from *Daniel* ſprung,

Ceas'd his loud bawling breath, and dropt the head;

And all was hush'd, as *Folly's* ſelf lay dead.

Thus the ſoft gifts of *Sleep* conclude the day,

And ſtretch'd on bulks, as uſual, Poets lay.

375 Why ſhould I ſing what bards the Nightly Muſe

Did ſlumbring viſit, and convey to ſtews?

Or

BOOK the SECOND.

35

Or prouder march'd, with magistrates in state,
 To some fam'd round-house, ever open gate!
 How *E*—— lay inspir'd beside a sink,
 380 And to mere mortals seem'd a Priest in drink?
 All others timely, to the neighbouring *Fleet*
 (Haunt of the Muses) made their safe retreat.

D U N C I A D

End of the Second Book.



THE

Or ponder much'd, with magnificence in state,



And to more mortals seem'd a Priest in chain,

THE
All others timely to the neighbouring
(Haines of the Mines) made their late resort.

DUNCIA D.

Book the THIRD.



UT in her *Temple's* last recess inclos'd,
On *Dulness's* lap th' Anointed head repos'd.
Him close the curtain'd round with vapors
blue,

And soft besprinkled with *Cimmerian* dew.

- 5 Then Raptures high the seat of sense o'erflow,
Which only heads refin'd from reason know:
Hence from the straw where *Bedlam's* Prophet nods,
He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods;
Hence the Fool's paradise, the Statesman's scheme,
10 The air-built Castle, and the golden Dream,

The

The Maids romantic wish, the Chymists flame,
And Poets vision of eternal fame,

And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
The King descended to th' *Elysian* shade.

15 There in a dusky vale where *Lethe* rolls,
Old *Bavius* fits, to dip poetic souls,
And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull
Of solid proof, impenetrably dull,
Instant when dipt, away they wing their flight,

20 Where * *Brown* and *Mearns* unbar the gates of Light,
Demand new bodies, and in *Cal's* array
Rush to the world, impatient for the day.
Millions and Millions on these banks he views,
Thick as the Stars of night, or morning dews,

25 As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
As thick as eggs at *W—* in pillory.

Wond'ring he gaz'd: When lo! a Sage appears,
By his broad-shoulders known, and length of ears,

* Booksellers.

E

Known

Known by the band and suit which *Settle* wore,
 30 (His only suit) for twice three years before.
 All as the Vest, appear'd the wearer's frame,
 Old in new state, another, yet the same.
 Bland and familiar as in life, begun
 Thus the great Father to the greater Son.

35 Oh! born to see what none can see awake!
 Behold the wonders of th' *Oblivious Lake*.
 Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore,
 The hand of *Bavius* drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
 But blind to former, as to future Fate,
 40 What mortal knows his pre-existent state?
 Who knows how long, thy transmigrating soul
 Did from *Bæotian* to *Bæotian* roll?
 How many *Dutchmen* she vouchsaf'd to thrid?
 How many stages thro' old *Monks* she rid?
 45 And all who since, in mild benighted days,
 Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays?
 As Man's mæanders to the vital spring
 Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;

Or

Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,
 50 Suck the thread in, then yield it out again:
 All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
 Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate.
 For this, our Queen unfolds to vision true
 Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:
 55 Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind,
 Shall first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind;
 Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign,
 And let the past and future fire thy brain.

Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
 60 Her boundless Empire over seas and lands.
 See round the Poles were keener spangles shine,
 Where spices smoke beneath the burning Line,
 (Earth's wide extreams) her sable flag display'd;
 And all the nations cover'd in her shade!

65 Far Eastward cast thy eye, from whence the Sun
 And orient Science at a birth begun.
 One man immortal all that pride confounds,
 He, whose long Wall the wand'ring Tartar bounds.

* Heav'ns! what a pyle? whole ages perish there;
70 And one bright blaze turns Learning into air.

Thence to the South as far extend thy eyes;
There rival flames with equal glory rise,
From shelves to shelves † see greedy *Vukan* roll,
And lick up all their *Phyick* of the Soul.

75 How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
Where faint at best the beams of science fall!
Against her throne, from *Hyperborean* skies,
In dulness strong, th' avenging *Vandals* rise;
Lo where *Mævis* sleeps, and hardly flows
80 The freezing *Tanais* thro' a waste of snows,
The North by myriads pours her mighty sons,
Great nurse of *Goths*, of *Alans*, and of *Huns*.
See *Alaric's* stern port, the martial frame
Of *Genferic*, and *Attila's* dread name!

* *Ho-am-ti*, Emperor of *China*, the same who built the great wall between *China* and *Tartary*, destroyed all the books and learned men of that empire.

† The *Caliph*, *Omar-I.* having conquer'd *Egypt*, caus'd his General to burn the *Ptolomaean* library, on the gates of which was this inscription, *Medicina Animi*.

See!

85 See! the bold *Ostrogoths* on *Latium* fall;
 See! the fierce *Visigoths* on *Spain* and *Gaul*.
 See! where the morning gilds the palmy shore,
 (The soil that arts and infant letters bore)
 His conq'ring tribes th' *Arabian* prophet draws,
 90 And saving Ignorance enthrones by Law.
 See *Christians*, *Jews*, one heavy sabbath keep;
 And all the Western World believe and sleep.
 Lo *Rome* herself, proud mistress now no more
 Of arts, but thund'ring against *Heathen* lore;
 95 Her gray-hair'd Synods damning books unread,
 And *Bacon* trembling for his brazen Head.
 Lo statues, temples, theatres o'erturn'd,
 Oh glorious ruin! and *Apelles* burn'd.

See'st thou an *Isle*, by *Palmers*, *Pilgrims* trod,
 100 Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,
 Peel'd, patch'd, and pieball'd, linsy-woolsey brothers,
 Grave mummers, sleeveless some, and shirtless others.
 That once was *Britain* — Happy! had she seen
 No fiercer sons, had * *Easter* never been.

* Wars in *England* anciently, about the right time of celebrating *Easter*.

105 In peace, great Goddess! ever be ador'd;
 How keen the war, if dulness whet the sword?
 Thus visit not thy own! on this blest age
 O spread thy Influence, but restrain thy Rage!

And see my Son, the hour is on its way
 110 That lifts our Goddess to imperial sway:
 This fav'rite Isle, long sever'd from her reign,
 Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again.
 Now look thro' Fate! behold the scene she draws!
 What aids, what armies, to assert her cause!
 115 See all her progeny, illustrious fight!
 Behold, and count them as they rise to light.
 As *Berecynthia*, while her offspring vye
 In homage, to the mother of the sky,
 Surveys around her in the blest abode
 120 A hundred sons, and ev'ry son a God:
 Not with less glory mighty *Dulness* crown'd
 Shall take thro' *Grubstreet* her triumphant round,
 And all *Parnassus* glancing o'er at once,
 Behold a hundred sons, and each a dunce.

Mark

125 Mark first the youth who takes the foremost place
And thrusts his person full into your face,
With all thy Father's virtues blest, be born!
And a new C——r shall the stage adorn.

See yet a younger, by his blushes known,
130 And modest as the maid who sips alone.
From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,
Another *Durfey*, * * * shall sing in thee.
For thee each Ale-house, and each Gill-house mourn,
And answ'ring Gin-shops sowerer sighs return.

135 Behold yon pair, in strict embraces join'd;
How like their manners, and how like their mind!
Fam'd for good nature, B— and for truth,
D— for cordial friendship to the youth.
Equal in wit, and equally polite,
140 Shall this a *Pasquin*, that a *Grumbler* write;
Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
That shines a Consul, this Commissioner.

Ah D—, G— ah! what ill-starr'd rage
 Divides, a friendship long confirm'd by age?
 145 Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
 But fool with fool is barb'rous, civil war.
 Embrace, embrace my Sons! be foes no more!
 Nor glad vile Poets with true Criticks gore.

See next two flip-shod *Muses* traipse along,
 150 In lofty madness meditating song,
 With tresses staring from poetic dreams,
 And never wash'd, but in *Castalia's* streams.
 H— and T—, glories of their race!
 Lo H—'s fierce, and R—'s peculiar face!
 155 *Woolston*, the scourge of Gospel, mark with awe!
 And mighty J—b, Blunderbus of Law!
 Lo thousand thousand, ev'ry nameless name,
 All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to fame;
 How proud! how pale! how earnest all appear!
 160 How Rhymes eternal gingle in their ear!

- Pass these to nobler fights: Lo *He—y* stands
 Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands,
 How honey'd nonsense trickles from his tongue!
 How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung!
- 165 Still break the benches, *He—y*, with thy strain,
 While *K—*, *Br—*, *W—* preach in vain.
 Round him, each *Science* by its modern type
 Stands known: *Divinity* with box and pipe,
 And proud *Philosophy* with breeches tore,
- 170 And *Englſh Muſick* with a diſmal ſcore;
 While happier *Hiſ't'ry* with her comrade *Ale*,
 Soothes the ſad ſeries of her tedious tale:
 Faſt by, in darkneſs palpable inſhrin'd,
W—s, *B—r*, *M—*, all the poring kind,
- 175 A lumberhouſe of Books in every head,
 Are ever reading, and are never read.
 But who is he, in cloſet cloſe y-pent,
 With viſage from his ſhelves with duſt beſprent?

Right

Right well mine eyes arede that myfter wight,
 180 That wonnes in haulkes and hernes, and H— he highr.

To future ages may thy dulnefs laft,
 As thou preferv'ft the dulnefs of the paft!

But oh! what scenes, what miracles behind
 Now stretch thy view, and open all thy mind.

185 He look'd, and faw a fable * feer arife,
 Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies.

All fudden; gorgons his, and dragons glare,
 And ten horn'd fiends, and giants, threaten war.

Hell riles, heav'n descends, to dance on earth:

190 Gods, monfters, furies, mufick, rage and mirth;

A fire, a jig, a battel, and a ball,

'Till one wide conflagration fwallows all.

Then a new world to nature's laws unknown,
 Refulgent riles, with a heav'n its own:

* Dr. *Faustus* the Subject of a fett of Farces, which with *Plato* and *Proferpine*, &c. lafted in vogue two or three feafons at both Playhoufes, in the years 1726, 1727, and 1728. All the extravagancies in the fixteen lines following, were actually introduced on the Stage, and frequented by the firft Quality of *England*, to the twentieth and thirtieth time, 'till they were all fwallow'd up in the *Beggar's Opera*.

Another

195 Another *Cynthia* her new journey runs,
 And other planets circle other suns:
 The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,
 Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;
 And last, to give the whole creation grace,
 200 Lo! one vast *Egg* produces human-race.

Silent the monarch gaz'd; yet ask'd in thought
 What God or Dæmon all these wonders wrought?
 To whom the Sire: In yonder cloud, behold,
 Whose farcenet skirts are edg'd with flamy gold,
 205 A godlike youth: See *Jove's* own bolts he flings,
 Rolls the loud thunder, and the light'ning wings!
 Angel of *Dulness*, sent to scatter round
 Her magic charms on all unclassic ground:
 Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
 210 Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire.
 Immortal *R——ch*! how calm he sits at ease,
 Mid snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease?
 And proud his mistress' orders to perform,
 Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

But

- 215 But lo! to dark encounter in mid air
 New wizards rise: here *B——th*, and *C——r* there.
B——th in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd,
 On grinning dragons *C——r* mounts the wind;
 Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
 220 Here shouts all *Dyrry*, there all *Lincoln's-Inn*;
 Contending Theatres our empire raise,
 Alike their labours, and alike their praise.
 And are these wonders, Son, to thee unknown?
 Unknown to thee? These wonders are thy own.
 225 These Fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine,
 Foreseen by me, but ah! with-held from mine.
 In *Lud*'s old walls tho' long I rul'd renown'd,
 Far as loud *Bow*'s stupendous bells, resound;
 Tho' my own Aldermen conferr'd my bays,
 230 To me committing their eternal praise,
 Their full-fed Heroes, their pacific May'rs,
 Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars:

Tho' I long my Party built on me their hopes,
 For writing Pamphlets, and for roasting *Popes*.
 235 (Different our parties, but with equal grace
 Our Goddess smiles on *Whig* and *Tory* race,
 'Tis the same rope at several ends they twist,
 To *Dulness*, *Ridpath* is as dear as *Mist*.)
 Yet lo! in me what Authors have to brag on!
 240 Reduc'd at last to hiss in my own dragon.
 Avert it, heav'n! that thou or *C*—*—*—*r* e'er
 Should wag two serpent tails in *Smithfield* fair.
 Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
 The needy Poet sticks to all he meets,
 245 Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
 In the Dog's tail his progress ends at last.
 Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone
 Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,
 Safe in its heaviness, can never stray,
 250 And licks up every blockhead in the way.

† *Settle* was once famous for party papers, but very uncertain in his political principles. He was employ'd to hold the pen in the *Character of a popish successor*, but afterwards printed his *Narrative* on the contrary side.

He managed the ceremony and pageants at the burning of a famous *Pope*, and was at length employ'd in making the machinery at *Bartholomew* fair, where, in his old age, he acted in a leathern dragon of his own invention.

Thy dragons, Magistrates and Peers shall taste,
 And from each show rise duller than the last:
 'Till rais'd from Booths to Theatre, to Court,
 Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport.
 255 (Already, *Opera* prepares the way,
 The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway.)
 To aid her cause, if heav'n thou canst not bend,
 Hell thou shalt move: for *Faustus* is thy friend:
Pluto with *Cato* thou for her shalt join,
 260 And link the *Mourning-Bride* to *Proserpine*.
Grubstreet! thy fall should men and Gods conspire,
 Thy stage shall stand, ensure it but from Fire.
 Another *Æschylus* appears! Prepare
 For new * Abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
 265 In flames like *Semeles* be brought to bed,
 While opening Hell spouts wild-fire at your head.

Now *Bavius* take the poppy from thy brow,
 And place it here! here all ye Heroes bow!
 * It is reported of *Æschylus* that when his Tragedy of the *Æumenides* was acted, the audience were so terrified that the children fell into fits, and the big-belly'd women miscarry'd. This is translating this Author.

This,

BOOK the THIRD.

31

This, this is He, foretold by ancient rhymes,

270 Th' *Augustus*, born to bring *Saturnian* times!

Beneath his reign, shall *E——n* wear the bays,

C——r prelide, Lord Chancellor of Plays,

B——n sole judge of Architecture sit,

And *A——e P——s* be preferr'd for Wit!

275 I see th' unfinish'd *Dormitory* wall!

I see the *Savoy* totter to her fall!

The sons of *Iffs* reel! the towns-mens sport;

And *Alma Mater* all dissolv'd in *Port*!

Then, when these signs declare the mighty Year,

280 When the dull Stars roll round, and re-appear;

Let there be darkness! (the dread pow'r shall say)

All shall be darkness, as it ne'er were Day;

To their first Chaos Wit's vain works shall fall,

And universal Dulness cover all!

285 No more the Monarch could such raptures bear;

He wak'd, and all the Vision mix'd with air.

FINIS

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